

## DUXBURY BEACH

Duxbury Clipper, Thursday, May 3, 1973

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Duxbury Beach faces due east and if one sails away and misses Provincetown light, he will see no land until he reaches Spain.

Duxbury beach has its secrets; lost pieces of jewelry deeply buried in the sand and many modern and ancient coins.

With the undulating sand behind me, topped with high green grass, I often sit and think of the multitudes of people who have trod its sands; whites and Indians, and, for all we know, Vikings and pirates; perhaps Captain Kidd buried some of his treasure here.

On a still summer day Duxbury beach is a restful place; lean back against a dune, your hands behind your head, and dream.

In the fall, sand-pipers run about in droves seeking food, and a flock of plover run along the edge of the water; gulls sail about overhead, and of an evening when it is clear, Provincetown lights and the Gurnet wink in a friendly manner.

During a severe winter storm when the surf is high the sea washes ashore all sorts of interesting wreckage; lobster traps and gaily painted buoys, and some day I hope to see a ship's figure head.